

THE LIBERATOR
IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT
NO. 11. MERCHANTS' HALL, BY
GARRISON AND KNAPP.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, EDITOR.

TERMS.

Two Dollars per annum, payable in advance
at the end of six months—\$3.00 at the expi-
re of the year. NO DEVIATION WILL BE
MADE FROM THIS RULE.

All letters and communications must be post-
ed. The rule is imperative, in order to shield us
from frequent impositions of our enemies. Those
who wish their letters to be taken out of the
hands of us, will be careful to pay their post-
age.

An advertisement making one square, or a
square and a half, will be inserted
at 50c per line. One less than a square, 75c.

Refugee of Oppression.

From the New-York Courier and Enquirer.]
Mr. O'Connell's, and other Speeches, delivered
at the Anti-Colonization Meeting at Exeter
Hall, London July 13th, 1833.

We have just received a copy of these
Speeches and proceedings, in the form of a
volume published at Boston by Garrison &
Lloyd, on which we shall offer a few re-
marks. This meeting was called by Mr. O'Connell
to disavow the speech promptly,
as is his custom, when misrepresented in
the public papers. However, let us wait a
little longer, to see if that gentleman re-
sponds to the application of his countrymen
in that disguise, abusing the coun-
try and furnishing its enemies with materials
of spreading her reputation. He is a per-
son who, according to his declaration in the
speech with which he opened this meeting,
has long since sacrificed all national, com-
munity, and local prejudices upon the altar
of Christian love; who has broken down the
artificial boundaries of a selfish patriotism,
and cast upon his banner this motto—*my
country is the world; my countrymen are all
men*. This magnanimous declaration
was received with loud "cheers" by the
meeting.

Let us examine it, and see what
amounts to in plain matter of fact. Eng-
land, if we comprehend it aright, that
Mr. Wm. Lloyd Garrison has sacrificed
all the duties of a citizen, all the obligations
of a man, and all the ties of kindred blood,
to the sake of the colored skin. To him, pa-
triotism is nothing but "selfishness"—attach-
ing the land of our birth, "a local pro-
vince, if you like it, to the cause of the
immediate emancipation of the slaves, we see
them coming up to aid the cause, and, in
many instances, to be the chief support and
main pillar of those societies. Here, al-
though their own Society is very small, yet
they constitute a great proportion and the
most efficient members of the Abolition So-
ciety. Yet, after all, (and I am sorry to say it)
there are those around in this vicinity,
who stand aloof; dreading the consequences,
as they say, of enlisting heart and hand in
the cause, when it is so much agitated, and
meets with such opposition, as it does at
present. But I would appeal to them: Is it
not a righteous cause? None pretend to
deny it. Well, then, let us go forward, and
do justice, and leave the consequences to
Him, who directs contingencies, and restau-
rations; if there is any danger pendant upon
this mode of procedure, He will avert the
blow from the heads of those who obey his
commands; but it will fall most woefully
heavy upon those who slight his mandates,
and do to others as they would not 'that
they should do to them.' What opposition did
Christianity at first receive amongst the
nations? But did true Christians say, it was
too much agitated for them to enter into,
and remain in? Then, will the *Christian* principles
of the Society, they will not hesitate
to pronounce it in strict accordance with
the unfortunate invalid spoken of in the
context, and his congregation to the good
Samaritan; and after giving a detailed ac-
count of the inhuman treatment of slave-
holders of the South to their slaves, and of
the deep degradation, ignorance, and misery
of the slaves themselves—at the same time,
reverting to the riveting influence of the
junction of the text with earnestness and
eloquence. The audience were very attentive,
and I think their minds were much influ-
enced in favor of our measures.

If we analyze this creed of Mr. Gar-
rison a little more closely, and reduce it
to its constituent elements, it will be
seen that this fellow is neither more nor less
than an outlaw. He professes allegiance to
no country, and is entitled of course to the
protection of no government. He belongs to
no cause; his country is the world, and
his countrymen are all mankind! He is a
citizen, there all local laws; above all so-
cieties, and all responsibility to any gov-
ernment under the sun. He is a pirate who
has given up all mankind; he may con-
tinue to do so.

He rejoices to see an American from Boston;

but I should be sorry to be contaminated by
the touch of a man from those States where

slavery is contained. (Cheers.) "Oh," said
he, "you are alluding to slavery; though I
am not an advocate for it, yet, if you will allow
me, I will discuss that question with you." I
replied, that if a man should propose to me
a discussion on the propriety of picking pockets,
I would turn him out of my study, for
fear he should carry his theory into practice.
(Laughter and cheers.) "And meaning you
no sort of offence," I added, "which I cannot
mean to a gentleman who does me the honor
of paying me a civil visit, I would as soon
discuss the one question with you as the other." The one is a paltry theft:

"He that steals my purse, steals trash: 'tis some-
thing, nothing; 'twas mine; 'tis his, and has been slave to those
sands—

but he who thinks he can vindicate the pos-
session of one human being by another—the
sale of soul and body—the separation of
father and mother—the taking of the moth-
er from the infant at her breast—and selling
her, is a man whom I will not answer with
words—nor with blows, for the time for the
latter has not yet come." (Cheers.)

One thing that particularly strikes us in
reflecting on these speeches and proceedings
is the presumptuous interference of a
meeting of Foreigners in the city of London,
in our peculiar domestic concerns. They
met it seems to decide on the merits, expediency
and usefulness of a great society
comprehending some of the ablest and best
men of this country, we may say of this age,
on the report of a contemptible incendiary,
who commenced his attack, very properly,
by slandering a country which disowns him.
They undertook on the *ex parte* evidence of
the *Anti-slavery*—he is neither man
nor animal belonging to man, nor *domina natura*
is associated with tame animals.

Next to the proof. Allegiance and pro-
tection are reciprocated, and inseparable: du-
bious rights are always associated together.

It is a maxim, that disowns all countries, is
right to all countries; he renounces all
and he forfeits all rights. A citizen
of the world is in effect, as we said before,
a slave owing obedience to no laws, and
subject to no government. Mr. Wm. Lloyd Garrison
stands precisely in this
peculiar predicament. He proclaims to
the world, that he has "sacrificed all national,
complexional, and local prejudices"—
because he is a citizen of no country
at all. He must be tried by the
laws of the world, and can be con-
victed only by the general voice of all
mankind.

The pretext for thus constituting them-
selves a great tribunal to set in judgment on

the motives and acts of men, of whom they
could know nothing except from the declara-
tions of a fellow who began by proclaiming
himself an outlaw, was the application of
Mr. Cresson, for obtaining the co-operation of

English philanthropists in aid of the So-
ciety he represented. We cannot but think
such an application degrading to the Col-
onization Society and unworthy the character

of this country. The Society is peculiarly
national, instituted for great national pur-
poses, and ought to be supported by Americans
alone. Let us not go begging, cap in hand,
to foreign countries, in aid of our own be-
nevolent institutions, our charitable societies,
our churches or our schools. We know the
practice is common, but in our opinion it is
one "more honored in the breach, than the
observance," insomuch as that it conveys an
implied acknowledgment that the people of
the United States are either unable or un-
willing to support their own peculiar objects
of charity and benevolence. These appeals
to the liberality of foreigners, give them not
only a control over our local institutions, but
at the same time afford a pretext for denouncing
them to the world, as we have seen in
the proceedings of the meeting at Exeter
Hall. Begging from friends may be allow-
able, but begging from strangers is the low-
est species of beggary.

P. M. N.

A FRESH SPECIMEN!

The Courier & Enquirer of the 26th Feb.
undertakes to give some account of the Ex-
eter Hall meeting in London, in favor of Ab-
olition. By one of the characteristic blun-
ders of that paper, which seems to find the
statement of any truth extremely difficult, the
presiding officer of that meeting is stated to
be the Duke of Sussex, (Mr. Cresson's patron
of Colonization) instead of James Cropper,
the friend of Abolition. The editors take
occasion to eulogize the Colonization So-
ciety, by calling it "a great society com-
prehending some of the ablest and best men in
the country." Mr. Garrison is spoken of as
"a pirate" who "may be run down at pleasure,
by any one that chooses to take the trouble of
hunting a pole-cat, a weasel, or any other mischievous animal."
Such is the defence with which the Coloni-
zation Society is now sustained.

New-York Emancipator.



THE LIBERATOR.

VOL. IV.] OUR COUNTRY IS THE WORLD—OUR COUNTRYMEN ARE ALL MANKIND. [NO. 11.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.]

[SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1834.

COMMUNICATIONS.

PORTLAND, Feb. 17, 1834.

MR. GARRISON:—I observe in several instances, in the columns of your paper, that Friends, (generally called Quakers) are alive to the most righteous cause of abolition; and it is a general characteristic of the Society, if there is any thing about to be done in a

good cause, they are amongst the first who lend their aid and influence in support of its principles. In this cause, they were the first people, (as a Society,) who considered it more limited. Taking this view of the subject, I conceive that what the *Black-tongue* is to the horses, colonization is to

the people of color.

Can we, whose souls are inspired with lib-
erty and gospel hopes, any longer remain in-
active, since there is an influence, like that
of the malady described, against the moral and
religious rights and liberties of the unhappy and unlawfully depressed people of color?

Let us feel that for Zion's sake we will
not hold our peace, and for Jerusalem's sake
we will not rest, until slavery, with all its
multiplied abominations, is annihilated, and
the pure and peaceful fruits of righteousness
have taken its place.

The minds of some of the inhabitants of
this town are excited to examine the subject
before us. It has been publicly discussed in
one of the Ward school-houses. But what
has given it a greater impulse is, that the
Rev. T. Wakefield, (pastor of the Baptist
church in this town, and a decided abolition-
ist,) a few weeks since delivered a pathetic
address before his congregation, founded
upon Luke x. 37:—"Go and do thou likewise."
He briefly spoke of the person who fell
among thieves, and of the Priest and Levite
who passed by on the other side; and also of
the Samaritan who had compassion on him,
and bound up his wounds, and took him to an
inn, &c. He compared the people of color
to the unfortunate invalid spoken of in the
context, and his congregation to the good
Samaritan; and after giving a detailed ac-
count of the inhuman treatment of slave-
holders of the South to their slaves, and of
the deep degradation, ignorance, and misery
of the slaves themselves—at the same time,
reverting to the riveting influence of the
junction of the text with earnestness and
eloquence. The audience were very attentive,
and I think their minds were much influ-
enced in favor of our measures.

I heard one of the deacons in the church
last evening, make a somewhat formal, and a
truly solemn consecration of himself to the
cause of the oppressed slave. He is a ster-
ling man, and shows, by liberal donations to
the cause, that his faith is not of the dead
sort. He was seconded by expressions, from
several others, of determination not to
slack their hand, nor suffer their zeal to tire.
Though the number is still small, they con-
stitute an effectual leaven.

I have much more matter and room for
writing, but no time. I have heard good
news from the southern part of the State.
The Presbytery of Chillicothe, says one,
are decidedly, and, I think, I may say, unani-
mously emancipationists. Goodbye. May
the Lord bless you,

ing addresses, and disowning attendance upon them. Some have gone so far
as these ministers—as to uphold the system
of slavery, saying that the Bible countenances it;—that the relation of master and slave is
as man and wife, without being married. At
the same time preaching being held at her
master's house the day came round for meet-
ing. After public meeting, the class was
called, when to my great surprise, the preacher
asked me "if I was free." I answered
"Yes." He asked "if I had a wife." I said
"Yes." He asked "are you married?" I said
"No." He asked "if my wife was free?" I said
"No, not properly so." He asked "who had any claim on her?" The class-leader said, "Brother Nelson." The preacher asked me, "if I was willing to be
married." I answered "Yes," and added,
"I had been concerned about it, but did not
know how to bring it to pass." The preacher
said "it is easy driving, when we are
willing." And then before the Society, ad-
ded his reason as above and said, "I suppose
Bro. Nelson will have no objection." Nelson
answered, "They may be married in wed-
lock; for what I care." Then said the preacher
to the Clerk of the Court, and he can get a license
to be married and finish your business." He
then wrote to the same effect and I went and
got a license, and we were married accord-
ing to law.

In the little band formed in this town, there
is an increasing conviction that the church
needs to wash herself; and from what I can
gather from remarks made last evening, the
time is not far distant when what has been pre-
dicted by the faint-hearted, will take place
—*the church will be divided*. If men cannot
show their reluctance to communing with
Christian men-stealers, they surely will be
less cordial towards those who abet the cruel
system.

I heard one of the deacons in the church
last evening, make a somewhat formal, and a
truly solemn consecration of himself to the
cause of the oppressed slave. He is a ster-
ling man, and shows, by liberal donations to
the cause, that his faith is not of the dead
sort. He was seconded by expressions, from
several others, of determination not to
slack their hand, nor suffer their zeal to tire.
Though the number is still small, they con-
stitute an effectual leaven.

I have much more matter and room for
writing, but no time. I have heard good
news from the southern part of the State.
The Presbytery of Chillicothe, says one,
are decidedly, and, I think, I may say, unani-
mously emancipationists. Goodbye. May
the Lord bless you,

A LEARNED THEBAN.

[A true, though very unnatural tale.]

A gentleman, residing in a neighboring city, was in the habit of sending his

children to the public school, and who was a

zealous colonizationist, became quite indi-
gent in the same place of instruction with two or

three "niggers." His indignation was es-
pecially excited by hearing that these

"niggers" occupied the places of monitors

over the classes of which his own children

were members. Boiling with rage, this

gentleman, and friend to the blacks, sat down and indited

an epistle of censure to the teacher of the

school, comprising eight or ten lines, denun-
ciatory of the "ignorant niggers" and of the

teacher's audacity in placing them over his

children as monitors. *This epistle contained*

twenty-four egregious blunders in orthography

and grammatical construction: breaking

Priscian's head most woefully.

What a precious jewel is

CONSISTENCY.

MEMORIALS OF A SLAVE.—No. 3.

The poor slave, whose return to his wife
I mentioned in my last, after many and se-
vere perils, succeeded in purchasing that

freedom of his master—to which by even

slave-laws he was entitled. So far from re-
pining at this fresh piece of injustice to him,

he adores the mercy of God in his deliv-
erance.—And when I come to think, says

he, 'that the yoke was off my neck and how it

was taken off, I was made to wonder and

to admire and to adore the order of kind

Providence, which assisted me all the way.

And this is one of those poor enslaved beings

who will be so ready to cut their master's

throats if immediately freed! This blood-
thirsty runaway slave—beaten and abused

by his master, so that he deserted from his

service—obliged to earn that by the sweat

of his brow, which even slave laws give—

after sufferings almost incredible, is suddenly

freed. Does he upbraid his master? does

he even in his thoughts wish him evil? His

first act is to adore that God, who had thus

removed his neck from the yoke. Having

oppressed, will smile upon a cause so signalized by his own: will add to our humble efforts his sovereign energy, and his effectual blessing?" p. 20.

The events of 1834 afford a fair commentary upon the speculations of 1825, and 'sufficient unto the day [has been] the evil thereof.' But let me now advert to the opinion of the learned divine from whom I quote, as to the degree of guilt which attaches to the non-slaveholding states of the Union, by the existence of slavery in our common country. It has been said that with this delicate subject, we at the North have no business to intermeddle; and at the late meeting of the Colonization Society in Washington, it was freely admitted by Northern members that its affairs should, of right, be committed entirely to the hands of the Southerners. My object is, in the next extract from Dr. Dana's discourse, to show that such were not the opinions of New-England Colonizationists nine years ago, any more than they are those of New-England abolitionists, now.

"Let us not imagine, for a moment, that we, in this northern clime, are exempted from that enormous guilt, connected with slavery and the slave-trade, which we are so ready to appropriate to our brethren in distant states. *We have no right thus to wish our hands*. From New-England have gone the ships and sailors that have been polluted with this inhuman traffic. In New-England are its forges which have framed fitters and shackles for the limbs of unoffending Africans. The iron of New-England has pierced their anguished souls. In New-England are found the overgrown fortunes, the proud palaces, which have been reared up from the blood and sufferings of these unhappy men. *The guilt, both of the slave-trade, and of slavery, is strictly national. National, then, let the expiation be.* While we mourn those wrongs which nothing but infinite mercy can forgive, *we, as far as possible, repair them.* Let us raise up the humbled children of Africa from the dust. *Let us unshackle their limbs, and pour the light of heaven into their benighted minds!*" pp. 21, 22.

And the Colonization Society, the Rev. Dr. fondly hoped, would prove effectual to the production of such a consummation. But it can hardly be that he has not, by this time, discovered that he was deceived. My next extract contains an eloquent and faithful delineation on slavery, which I cannot but copy entire.

"As to slavery itself, it is now generally admitted that it is one of those rare evils in which there is no good: a foulest blot on the face of our country: a gangrene, corroding its very vitals,—its curse, debasing its morals and manners, enfeebling its energies, obstructing its improvement, blasting its very soul with sterility, and threatening to deluge it with blood. Yet even this description reaches not to the full extent of the evil. Slavery, let it not be forgotten, is an outrage on the authority of the God of Heaven. *It is a direct violation of that eternal law, which bids us love our fellow creatures as ourselves: which bids us treat each fellow creature as another self.* I am sensible that it is pleaded in behalf of slavery, as it exists in our country, that it is rather our duty than attach to its original introduction, the present holders of slaves are innocent. In short, it is contended that the evil must now be patiently borne, as being absolutely necessary and irremediable. *Is this reasoning satisfactory?* Is the necessity of holding our fellow beings in bondage so plain and palpable, *is it so invincible that its injustice is railed?* Is it not the first principle in morals, that we ought to encounter the greatest possible inconvenience, rather than commit the smallest sin? Unquestionably, then, in the present case, we cannot be innocent, until we have employed every practicable effort to rid ourselves of the evil. Indeed, this law of necessity or of expediency, (for they are essentially the same,) is a tremendous affair. It is the pret-text which has been employed to justify most of the oppressions and cruelties under which our race has groaned, from age to age. *It is a weapon, too, which may change hands.* The slave may blemish it, as well as his master. *And what if the slaves of one continent should think it a matter of clear expediency, and of very pressing necessity, that they should be free?* See &c. pp. 11, 13.

The learned author then proceeds to felicitate the members of the New Hampshire Colonization Society upon the prevalence of such sentiments as these among the founders of the association to which they were auxiliary, closing that part of his subject with the following declaration, which I would point out to every New England Colonizationist, as the distinct opinion of one of the most distinguished of their own number.

"*Hi this Society, as some have supposed, no other object than simply to rid the slaveholding states, at the expense of the whole Union, of the incumbrance of their free black population; and this, that they may retain their slaves in greater peace and security, the object would confessedly be unworthy of the patronage of New England. But the Society has for greater and nobler designs. Besides contemplating the most precious and substantial benefits to the free people of color, and to Africa, it aims to prepare the way for the entire extinction of slavery.*" p. 15.

Then follows the extract above quoted, (No. 1.) And now, my dear Garrison, need we have stronger proof that New England Colonizationists sat out with Anti-Slavery as the basis of their creed, and that they have been grossly deceived? I humbly opine not.

Seeing then that opinions, like those I have been commenting upon, prevail at the North,—that a spirit of enquiry has been and still is abroad,—that Colonization, which stood between the abolitionists and the slaveholders, is now 'bankrupt and broke,'—have we not increasing encouragement to go on in the work to which we have devoted our unceasing efforts? I shall resume this subject hereafter, and in the mean time, with best regards to my friends around you, remain

Your friend truly,

J. F. —

Portland, February 24, 1834.

Mr. Heber's representatives are sanguine of obtaining from £50,000 to £60,000 by the sale of his immense literary treasures.

English paper.

BOSTON

SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1834.

GREAT MEETING.

The second annual meeting of the New-England Anti-Slavery Society was held, pursuant to adjournment, at the Temple, Tremont St., on Monday evening, March 10. Rev. E. M. P. Wells in the chair.

The meeting was opened with prayer by Rev. C. P. Grosvenor, of Salem.

Several appropriate hymns were sung with great taste and effect by a choir of colored children, under the direction of Miss Paul and the Misses Yates.

The spacious hall was crowded to excess, and hundreds went away who were utterly unable to gain admission.

Mr. Garrison addressed the meeting as follows:

Mr. PRESIDENT:—It is no figment of the imagination to say, that the present is a portentous and gloomy period in the eventful history of this republic. In view of it, a deep solemnity fills my mind; but I fear that we have not yet reached the climax either of our danger or our profligacy—that the storm of a long gathering and justly merited retribution is only commencing its desolating career—and that the cup of our sorrows is yet to turn over.

Sir, our professions of republicanism and christianity are lofty; but neither God nor the world will judge us by our professions, but by our practices. If the picture I have drawn be a correct one, are we not practical hypocrites, a hypocritical and tyrannical nation?

I speak the truth, painful, humiliating, and terrible as it is; and because I am bold and faithful to do so, am I to be branded as the calumniator and enemy of my country? If to suffer sin upon my brother be to hate him in my heart, then to suffer sin upon my country would be an evidence not of my love but hatred of her. Sir, it is because my affection for her is intense, and paramount to all selfish considerations, that I do not parley with her crimes. I know that she can neither be truly happy nor prosperous while she continues to manacle and brutalize every sixth child born on her soil. Lying lips are speaking 'peace, peace,' to her; but she shall not see peace until the tears of her repentance shall have washed away every stain of blood from her escutcheon. They who are defiling her purity, and by their tyrannous acts disgracing her character, have the brazen audacity to pretend that they are zealous of her good name and fame in Europe, and throughout the world!—Yes, Sir, they who are constantly trading in the bodies and souls of men—ay, the bodies and souls of their own children—who are cracking their bloody whips over the heads and upon the bodies of their lacerated bondmen—who are for banishing the bible and extinguishing the light of divine revelation—who make it a crime to teach a human being to read—these are the men, and their apologists and hypocrites and liars, as clearly evinced by our professions and practices. Sir, is it not so? Is this strong language? I know it may seem strong, but it is, in reality, weak. It is not the language of common usage, nor is it applied to common actions. The highest epithets sometimes dwindle into insignificance, in vainly attempting to measure gigantic crimes. It is not in the compass of language to describe—it is not in the grasp of the imagination to conceive—it is scarcely in the power of fiction to exaggerate, the woes, and the atrocities, and the horrors, and the impieties, which are combined in the bloody system of American slavery. Shall I recapitulate a few familiar facts? At this moment we have in the United States not less than two millions two hundred thousand slaves—our own countrymen, our own country-women—Americans by birth—fathers, mothers, husbands, wives, children and babes—all held and treated as marketable merchandise—sold in scales by the pound, or exchanged for horses, or sheep, or swine—torn from the arms of each other, and separated forever, at the pleasure or necessity of their holders—miserably clothed and fed—altogether destitute of legal protection, and at the mercy of those who fear not God and regard not man. They are not permitted to get instruction—to learn even the alphabet. *The Bible is taken away from them*—and this terrible truth places the indelible brand of *heathenism* upon the slave system, and should stir up the holy indignation of every follower of Christ. If I am asked to give a sound reason for my opposition to slavery, I can give—I wish to give, none more weighty or more irresistible than this—*IT BIDS THE SLAVES OF THE BIBLE*; and, according to its very nature, must continue to withhold that matchless volume, *despot takes the responsibility*, puts his foot upon our necks, and scoffs at the sufferings which he has created; and there yet remain men base, or ignorant, or servile enough to applaud the tyranny, and supplicate its extension. I allude to this point, sir, not as a politician, but as a philanthropist, and for the purpose of making an application which I deem pertinent on this occasion. The pockets of the people have been rudely and ruinously touched from one extremity of the country to the other—*dollars and cents* are now at stake—and, consequently, the whole land is in commotion. The waves of popular indignation, lashed into fury by a whirlwind of interest, are sweeping over the Union like a mighty inundation. Consternation, unfeigned and complete, is every where visible. Public meetings are called in every city, town and village—our legislative bodies are agitated—the press is lifting up its voice of thunder—the tables of Congress groan under the weight of memorials and remonstrances—delegation after delegation has been sent, and others are going, to the palace of the imperial ruler at Washington, in the vain expectation of effecting a change of will—the combined virtue, talent and intellect of the nation, both in Congress and out of it, are vigorously at work to remedy the evil. Far be it from me to decry, or lightly esti-

mate these movements. I am conscious that this is not simply a contest about dollars and cents. I am certain that an attack upon public or private honor, as well as interest. He who injuriously assails the industry and enterprise of the nation, makes an attack upon its meals—for they are indissolubly allied. Hence, I do not think there is too much zeal, or too much excitement, or too much alarm, growing out of our present vicious and doubtful currency. It is lamentably apparent that the United States Bank was the sheet-anchor of our national prosperity: that anchor has been loose, and we are rapidly drifting upon the rocks and quicksands of universal bankruptcy. But, Sir, giving to gold and silver their utmost value, and magnifying the importance of the present financial controversy—still, they are unitedly as dust compared to a cause which seeks the deliverance of a sixth part of our population from ruthless bondage. Neither you nor I, Mr. Chairman, will brand as fanatical, or even intemperate, the untiring efforts of the friends of a well regulated currency: and shall abolitionists be deemed over-zealous or mad, when they do not evince a thousandth part of this zeal and activity, although engaged in an infinitely higher and better cause?

Sir, so far from having transcended the limits of sobriety and a well-regulated zeal, in pleading for the rights of man, I fear we have been too lukewarm and forgetful. Let the friends of immediate emancipation hereafter take a lesson from the friends of the U. S. Bank; and let such of the friends of that Bank as consider us too fanatical in our holy warfare against oppression, learn to place a just estimate upon the worth of *souls*, as well as upon the value of *dollars*.

But while God sits upon the throne of the universe, neither the oppressed nor their advocates are authorised to despair. It becomes us to humble ourselves, to exalt his truth, and to glorify his name, at the wonders he has wrought in public sentiment, by the feeblest instruments and the most limited means, within a short period. It is not yet four years since the ponderous gates of the Baltimore prison swung heavily back, to permit me to go forth among men. At that time, silence brooded over the land, and scarcely a *fanatical* abolitionist was known. I then spoke the truth, painful, humiliating, and terrible as it is; and because I am bold and faithful to do so, am I to be branded as the calumniator and enemy of my country? If to suffer sin upon my brother be to hate him in my heart, then to suffer sin upon my country would be an evidence not of my love but hatred of her. Sir, it is because my affection for her is intense, and paramount to all selfish considerations, that I do not parley with her crimes. I know that she can neither be truly happy nor prosperous while she continues to manacle and brutalize every sixth child born on her soil. Lying lips are speaking 'peace, peace,' to her; but she shall not see peace until the tears of her repentance shall have washed away every stain of blood from her escutcheon. They who are defiling her purity, and by their tyrannous acts disgracing her character, have the brazen audacity to pretend that they are zealous of her good name and fame in Europe, and throughout the world!—Yes, Sir, they who are constantly trading in the bodies and souls of men—ay, the bodies and souls of their own children—who are cracking their bloody whips over the heads and upon the bodies of their lacerated bondmen—who are for banishing the bible and extinguishing the light of divine revelation—who make it a crime to teach a human being to read—these are the men, and their apologists and hypocrites and liars, as clearly evinced by our professions and practices. Sir, is it not so? Is this strong language? I know it may seem strong, but it is, in reality, weak. It is not the language of common usage, nor is it applied to common actions. The highest epithets sometimes dwindle into insignificance, in vainly attempting to measure gigantic crimes. It is not in the compass of language to describe—it is not in the grasp of the imagination to conceive—it is scarcely in the power of fiction to exaggerate, the woes, and the atrocities, and the horrors, and the impieties, which are combined in the bloody system of American slavery. Shall I recapitulate a few familiar facts? At this moment we have in the United States not less than two millions two hundred thousand slaves—our own countrymen, our own country-women—Americans by birth—fathers, mothers, husbands, wives, children and babes—all held and treated as marketable merchandise—sold in scales by the pound, or exchanged for horses, or sheep, or swine—torn from the arms of each other, and separated forever, at the pleasure or necessity of their holders—miserably clothed and fed—altogether destitute of legal protection, and at the mercy of those who fear not God and regard not man. They are not permitted to get instruction—to learn even the alphabet. *The Bible is taken away from them*—and this terrible truth places the indelible brand of *heathenism* upon the slave system, and should stir up the holy indignation of every follower of Christ. If I am asked to give a sound reason for my opposition to slavery, I can give—I wish to give, none more weighty or more irresistible than this—*IT BIDS THE SLAVES OF THE BIBLE*; and, according to its very nature, must continue to withhold that matchless volume, *despot takes the responsibility*, puts his foot upon our necks, and scoffs at the sufferings which he has created; and there yet remain men base, or ignorant, or servile enough to applaud the tyranny, and supplicate its extension. I allude to this point, sir, not as a politician, but as a philanthropist, and for the purpose of making an application which I deem pertinent on this occasion. The pockets of the people have been rudely and ruinously touched from one extremity of the country to the other—*dollars and cents* are now at stake—and, consequently, the whole land is in commotion. The waves of popular indignation, lashed into fury by a whirlwind of interest, are sweeping over the Union like a mighty inundation. Consternation, unfeigned and complete, is every where visible. Public meetings are called in every city, town and village—our legislative bodies are agitated—the press is lifting up its voice of thunder—the tables of Congress groan under the weight of memorials and remonstrances—delegation after delegation has been sent, and others are going, to the palace of the imperial ruler at Washington, in the vain expectation of effecting a change of will—the combined virtue, talent and intellect of the nation, both in Congress and out of it, are vigorously at work to remedy the evil. Far be it from me to decry, or lightly esti-

mate these movements. I am conscious that this is not simply a contest about dollars and cents. I am certain that an attack upon public or private honor, as well as interest. He who injuriously assails the industry and enterprise of the nation, makes an attack upon its meals—for they are indissolubly allied. Hence, I do not think there is too much zeal, or too much excitement, or too much alarm, growing out of our present vicious and doubtful currency. It is lamentably apparent that the United States Bank was the sheet-anchor of our national prosperity: that anchor has been loose, and we are rapidly drifting upon the rocks and quicksands of universal bankruptcy. But, Sir, giving to gold and silver their utmost value, and magnifying the importance of the present financial controversy—still, they are unitedly as dust compared to a cause which seeks the deliverance of a sixth part of our population from ruthless bondage. Neither you nor I, Mr. Chairman, will brand as fanatical, or even intemperate, the untiring efforts of the friends of a well regulated currency: and shall abolitionists be deemed over-zealous or mad, when they do not evince a thousandth part of this zeal and activity, although engaged in an infinitely higher and better cause?

Sir, so far from having transcended the limits of sobriety and a well-regulated zeal, in pleading for the rights of man, I fear we have been too lukewarm and forgetful. Let the friends of immediate emancipation hereafter take a lesson from the friends of the U. S. Bank; and let such of the friends of that Bank as consider us too fanatical in our holy warfare against oppression, learn to place a just estimate upon the worth of *souls*, as well as upon the value of *dollars*.

But while God sits upon the throne of the universe, neither the oppressed nor their advocates are authorised to despair. It becomes us to humble ourselves, to exalt his truth, and to glorify his name, at the wonders he has wrought in public sentiment, by the feeblest instruments and the most limited means, within a short period. It is not yet four years since the ponderous gates of the Baltimore prison swung heavily back, to permit me to go forth among men. At that time, silence brooded over the land, and scarcely a *fanatical* abolitionist was known. I then spoke the truth, painful, humiliating, and terrible as it is; and because I am bold and faithful to do so, am I to be branded as the calumniator and enemy of my country? If to suffer sin upon my brother be to hate him in my heart, then to suffer sin upon my country would be an evidence not of my love but hatred of her. Sir, it is because my affection for her is intense, and paramount to all selfish considerations, that I do not parley with her crimes. I know that she can neither be truly happy nor prosperous while she continues to manacle and brutalize every sixth child born on her soil. Lying lips are speaking 'peace, peace,' to her; but she shall not see peace until the tears of her repentance shall have washed away every stain of blood from her escutcheon. They who are defiling her purity, and by their tyrannous acts disgracing her character, have the brazen audacity to pretend that they are zealous of her good name and fame in Europe, and throughout the world!—Yes, Sir, they who are constantly trading in the bodies and souls of men—ay, the bodies and souls of their own children—who are cracking their bloody whips over the heads and upon the bodies of their lacerated bondmen—who are for banishing the bible and extinguishing the light of divine revelation—who make it a crime to teach a human being to read—these are the men, and their apologists and hypocrites and liars, as clearly evinced by our professions and practices. Sir, is it not so? Is this strong language? I know it may seem strong, but it is, in reality, weak. It is not the language of common usage, nor is it applied to common actions. The highest epithets sometimes dwindle into insignificance, in vainly attempting to measure gigantic crimes. It is not in the compass of language to describe—it is not in the grasp of the imagination to conceive—it is scarcely in the power of fiction to exaggerate, the woes, and the atrocities, and the horrors, and the impieties, which are combined in the bloody system of American slavery. Shall I recapitulate a few familiar facts? At this moment we have in the United States not less than two millions two hundred thousand slaves—our own countrymen, our own country-women—Americans by birth—fathers, mothers, husbands, wives, children and babes—all held and treated as marketable merchandise—sold in scales by the pound, or exchanged for horses, or sheep, or swine—torn from the arms of each other, and separated forever, at the pleasure or necessity of their holders—miserably clothed and fed—altogether destitute of legal protection, and at the mercy of those who fear not God and regard not man. They are not permitted to get instruction—to learn even the alphabet. *The Bible is taken away from them*—and this terrible truth places the indelible brand of *heathenism* upon the slave system, and should stir up the holy indignation of every follower of Christ. If I am asked to give a sound reason for my opposition to slavery, I can give—I wish to give, none more weighty or more irresistible than this—*IT BIDS THE SLAVES OF THE BIBLE*; and, according to its very nature, must continue to withhold that matchless volume, *despot takes the responsibility*, puts his foot upon our necks, and scoffs at the sufferings which he has created; and there yet remain men base, or ignorant, or servile enough to applaud the tyranny, and supplicate its extension. I allude to this point, sir, not as a politician, but as a philanthropist, and for the purpose of making an application which I deem pertinent on this occasion. The pockets of the people have been rudely and ruinously touched from one extremity of the country to the other—*dollars and cents* are now at stake—and, consequently, the whole land is in commotion. The waves of popular indignation, lashed into fury by a whirlwind of interest, are sweeping over the Union like a mighty inundation. Consternation, unfeigned and complete, is every where visible. Public meetings are called in every city, town and village—our legislative bodies are agitated—the press is lifting up its voice of thunder—the tables of Congress groan under the weight of memorials and remonstrances—delegation after delegation has been sent, and others are going, to the palace of the imperial ruler at Washington, in the vain expectation of effecting a change of will—the combined virtue, talent and intellect of the nation, both in Congress and out of it, are vigorously at work to remedy the evil. Far be it from me to decry, or lightly esti-

mate these movements. I am conscious that this is not simply a contest about dollars and cents. I am certain that an attack upon public or private honor, as well as interest. He who injuriously assails the industry and enterprise of the nation, makes an attack upon its meals—for they are indissolubly allied. Hence, I do not think there is too much zeal, or too much excitement, or too much alarm, growing out of our present vicious and doubtful currency. It is lamentably apparent that the United States Bank was the sheet-anchor of our national prosperity: that anchor has been loose, and we are rapidly drifting upon the rocks and quicksands of universal bankruptcy. But, Sir, giving to gold and silver their utmost value, and magnifying the importance of the present financial controversy—still, they are unitedly as dust compared to a cause which seeks the deliverance of a sixth part of our population from ruthless bondage. Neither you nor I, Mr. Chairman, will brand as fanatical, or even intemperate, the untiring efforts of the friends of a well regulated currency: and shall abolitionists be deemed over-zealous or mad, when they do not evince a thousandth part of this zeal and activity, although engaged in an infinitely higher and better cause?

I submit the following resolution for the consideration and acceptance of the Society:

Resolved, That the rapid progress which the anti-slavery cause has made within the last two years, is attributable to the divine blessing upon the humble exertions of a small number put forth in its behalf, and encourages the expectation that the day is not distant when complete deliverance shall be given to that portion of our countrymen now groaning in servile bondage.

Rev. CHARLES FOLLEN, Professor of the German Language and Literature in Harvard University, then addressed the meeting:

Prof. Follen began with acknowledging the gratification and instruction he had received, at the last meeting of this Society, particularly from the very able Report of Mr. S. E. Sewall, from the luminous and impressive observations of Rev. Mr. Phelps, and the eloquent and powerful letter of Mr. Whittier. He then went on to say, 'I am new to this cause so far as it is carried on by this Society; but my interest in the cause itself commenced with my first attemped thought; and I may say without presumption, that my whole life has borne testimony to my devotion to universal emancipation. But enough of myself.

We are engaged in a great and holy cause; and our mode of advocating it, should correspond with its great and holy character. I am totally opposed to all personal abuse, (1) all imputation of bad motives, I well know that the provocation is great. For we are opposing a state of things in which the most violent passions and unyielding prejudices of its supporters are excited; and under this excitement and delusion they have signified the friends of humanity with opprobrious epithets. Therefore, although the provocation is great, to meet these attacks with a similar mode of defence, I hold it more consistent with the high and holy character of our cause, to bear the abuse than to retaliate. If we bear it nobly, the blessing of God is upon us

LITERARY.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[From the Emancipator.]
SLAVERY NO MALUM.
Did you not see the meteoric flash?
Did you not hear the mountain-rolling sound?
The cause of Anti-Slavery is dead.
A battery was levelled, with an aim
As sure as Destiny, and fired; attack!
[First came the wadding—thirty pages, rammed
With most industrious care—and then the ball.]
Never was slavery malum in se.
But malum only by the consequence:
Paul never called it malum in itself—
The Bible sanctioned it in ancient Rome—
It told the slave to be obedient;
And, ergo slavery is nothing malum.
For our America is just like Rome;
We have no light to guide us more than they
Who drink the Tiber. We have never seen
True liberty, and therefore cannot know
That slavery is a most horrid thing.
The middle passage, to be sure, is malum,
And it is rather malum to be sold,
And bound and handcuffed, whipt and starved to
death;
But mark it, slavery was never malum.
It is a shell that somewhat cramps us now,
But at a proper time we'll cast it off;
A century will scarce have run its round
Before the work is done. Let Nature travail,
And if she plague us with another shell,
We'll practice patience! it is not a malum.
Be still. Christianity is always silent.
Luther was still; he never spoke his thoughts;
But mused; and hoped, and prayed for a reform.
O cease, ye crazy abolitionists!
Loose not the slave—the chained and couchant lion,
The highwayman, the murderer—name not
Imaginary right in colored ears;
For if you let these wicked people go,
You'll have a malum then—a war with slaves,
As in Domingo, when the law pronounced
That all were free. Take care, ye crazy heads!
T'is easy to pull down, but to build up,
Hic, labor est. If once you free the slaves,
They never will return to slavery,
Which would be malum. T'is expedient
That slavery should flourish many years;
What is expedient is doubtless right,
And ergo, slavery cannot be malum.

[From Zion's Advocate.]

THE SLAVE MOTHER.

I saw the burning tear
Run down her dark brown cheek;
It told of woe and care—
Her tongue refused to speak.
I heard the stifled sigh
Burst from her throbbing breast—
To heaven she raised her eye,
As there her only rest.
Ah! why these tears and sighs?
Ah! why this bitter grief?
My babe! my babe! she cries,
Oh, stranger, bring relief.
They tore him rude away,
As pillow'd on my breast,
I, at the close of day,
Had hushed him there to rest.
I saw the clanking chains
My husband's limbs secure;
I saw the purple stains,
And the dark crimson gore.
I saw the tear of woe
Gather in his dark eye;
I heard the lashes' blow
Extort the parting sigh.
O God! my frantic cries,
The sword of justice take;
And, bending from the skies,
Bid sympathy awake.
Oh! let a mother's prayer
A God of justice move;
She asks a refuge where
He dwells Himself—above! LUCIUS.

[From the New-York Evangelist.]

HYMN—BY A LADY.

Oh! hear the wailing cry;
The wretched slave complains,
His brother's head deep wrong inflicts,
And binds in gaoling chains.
With scouls that brother sees
Those chains his body bind,
And draws the more debasing cords
Arount' th' immortal mind.
Oh, melt those flinty hearts,
Strong prejudice remove,
And teach thy paler children, Lord,
Thy sable sons to love.
Hast thou not promised long?
We find the day would see,
When Ethiopia's trampled sons
Shall stretch the hand to thee.
Then speed the joyful time,
Bend every heart of pride,
Till humbled lord, and slave set free,
Shall worship side by side.

HYMN.

God of all! whose love unceasing
Brings each fruitful season round—
To you, to whom we owe a blessing,
And the gifts of every year;
Father, may our spirits praise thee
With a mingled love and fear.

From the hand refreshing showers
Lead to Spring a joyful bloom,
While its young and happy flowers
Praise thee with their sweet perfume;
Father, may our spirits bless thee—
Thee, from whom all mercies come.

When the sun, in constant duty,
Shines o'er Summer's robe of green,
To thy love we trace the beauty
Which adorns each quiet scene—
Father, may our spirits praise thee,
And upon thy mercies lean.

When from Autumn's teeming bosom
Man's stores would now recruit,
Thou hast changed the tender blossom
To a rich and mellow fruit—
Father, may our spirits praise thee,
And all gifts to thee impute.

God of every happy season,
Thou who ever art the same,
May we, with our hearts and reason,
Bless thy great and holy name—
Father, may our spirits praise thee,
And each year, thy guidance claim.

SONNET.

There is no remedy for time's mispent,
No healing for the waste of idleness;
Whose very languor is a punishment,
Heavier than active souls can feel or guess.
Oh, hours of indolence and discontent,
Not now to be redeemed!—I stung not less,
Because I know this span of life was least
For lofty duties, not for selfishness.
Not to be whiled away in aimless dreams,
But to improve ourselves and serve mankind,
Life and its choicest faculties were given.
Man should be ever better than he seems,
And shape his acts, and discipline his mind,
To walk adorning earth, deserving heaven.

MR. O'CONNELL,
OR A PEEP AT LAWYERS.

One of O'Connell's earliest displays of acuteness was at Tralee, in the year 1799, shortly after he had been called to the bar. In an intricate case, where he was junior counsel, (having got the brief more as a family compliment than from any other cause,) the question in dispute was, as to the validity of a will, which had been made, almost in *articulo mortis*. The instrument was drawn up with proper form; the witnesses were examined, and gave ample confirmation that the deed had been legally executed. One of them was an old servant, possessed of a strong passion for speaking. It fell to O'Connell to cross-examine him, and the young barrister allowed him to speak on, in the hope that he might say too much. Nor was this hope disappointed. The witness had already sworn that he saw the deceased sign the will. 'Yes,' continued he, with all the garrulosity of old age, 'I saw him sign it, and surely *there was life in him at the time*.' The expression, frequently repeated, led O'Connell to conjecture it had a peculiar meaning. Fixing his eye upon the old man, he said—'You have taken a solemn oath before God and man to speak the truth, and the whole truth; the eye of God is upon you; the eyes of your neighbors are fixed upon you also. Answer me, by the virtue of that sacred and solemn oath which has passed your lips, *was the testator alive when he signed the will?*' The witness was struck with the solemn manner in which he was addressed, his color changed—his lips quivered; his limbs trembled, and he faltered out the reply: *'there was life in him.'* The question was repeated in a more impressive manner, and the result was that O'Connell half compelled, half cajoled him to admit that, after he was extinct, pen had been put into the testator's hands—that one of the party had guided it to sign his name, while, as a salvo for the consciences of all concerned, a living fly was put into the dead man's mouth, to qualify the witness to bear testimony that 'there was life in him' when he signed that will. This fact, literally dragged from the witness, preserved a large property in a respectable and worthy family, and was the first occurrence, in O'Connell's legal career, worth mentioning. Miss Edgeworth, in her 'Patronage,' has an incident not much different from this; perhaps it was suggested by it. The plaintiffs in the case were two sisters named Langton, both of whom still enjoy the property miraculously preserved to them by the ingenuity of O'Connell; and the writer of this sketch has often heard them relate the manner in which he had contrived to elicit the truth.

Even at the risk of being accounted tedious, I cannot conclude this light sketch without mentioning another anecdote, which, even better than a lengthened disquisition, may show that I do not overrate the extraordinary ingenuity and quickness for which I give O'Connell such ample credit. One of the most remarkable personages in Cork, for a series of years, was a sharp witted little fellow, named John Boyle, who published a periodical called 'THE FREEHOLDER.' As Boyle did not see that any peculiar dignity hedged the Corporation of Cork, his 'Freeholder' was remarkable for severe and satirical remarks upon its members, collectively and personally. Owing to the very great precautions, as to the mode of publication, it was next to impossible for the corporation to proceed against him for libel—if they could have done so, his punishment was certain, for, in those days, there were none but corporation juries, and the fact that Boyle was hostile to the municipal clique, was quite enough for these worthy administrators of justice. It happened on the occasion of a crowded benefit that Boyle and one of the sheriffs were coming out of the pit of the theatre at the same moment. A sudden crush drove the scribe against the sheriff, and the concussion was so great that the latter had two of his ribs broken. There could be no doubt that the whole was accidental; but it was too lucky not to be taken advantage of. Mr. Boyle was prosecuted for assault.—O'Connell was retained for his defence. The trial came on. The jury was a corporation jury. The evidence was extremely slight; but it was an understood thing that on any evidence, or no evidence, the jury would convict Boyle. Mr. O'Connell—(who was personally inimical to the corporation)—scarcely cross-examined a witness, and called none in defence. He proceeded to reply. After some hyperbolical compliments on the 'well-known impartiality, independence, and justice of a Cork jury,' he proceeded to address them, thus:—'I had no notion that the case is just; therefore I call no witnesses. As I have received a brief, and its accompaniment—a fee, I must address you. I am not in the vein for making a speech, so, gentlemen, shall tell you a story. Some years ago, I went, specially, to Clonmel assizes, and accidentally witnessed a trial which I never shall forget. A wretched man, a native of that county, was charged with the murder of his neighbor. It seemed that an ancient feud existed between them. They had met at a fair and exchanged blows; again, that evening, they met at a low public-house, and the bodily interference of friends alone prevented a fight between them.—The prisoner was heard to vow vengeance against his rival. The wretched victim left the house, followed soon after by the prisoner, and was found the next day on the roadside—murdered, and his face so barbarously beaten in by a stone, that he could only be identified by his dress. The facts were strong against the prisoner—in fact, it was the strongest case of circumstantial evidence I ever met with. As a matter of form—for of his guilt there was no doubt—the prisoner was called on for his defence. He called, to the surprise of every one—the murdered man! And the murdered man came forward. It seemed that another man had been murdered—that the identification of dress was vague, for all the paucity of Tipperary wear the same description of clothes—that the presumed victim had got a hint that he would be arrested under the Whiteboy Act, had fled—and had only returned with a noble and Irish feeling of justice, when he found that his ancient foe was in jeopardy, on his account. The case was clear—the prisoner was innocent. The judge told the jury that it was unnecessary to charge them. They requested permission to retire. They returned in about two hours, when the foreman, with a long face, handed in the verdict 'Guilty.' Every one was astonished. 'Good God!' said the judge, 'of what is he guilty? Not of murder, surely?' 'No,' my Lord,' said the foreman; 'but as he did not murder that man, sure he stole my grey mare three years ago!' The Cork jurors laughed heartily at this anecdote, and ere their mirth had time to cool, O'Connell continued with marked emphasis.—'So, gentlemen of the jury, if Mr. Boyle did not wilfully assault the sheriff, he

has libelled the corporation—find him guilty by all means!' The application was so severe that the jury, shamed into justice, instantly acquitted Mr. Boyle. R. S. M.

[From the New York Star.]

SOLEMN EVENT.

The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God! The untimely and melancholy death of C. C. Cohen, the Chemist, produced a great sensation generally, but more particularly among those who knew him, and we are gratified to learn that the liberality of his friends will enable his widow and children to return with comfort to their home and family.

Mr. C., though quite young man, was an excellent practical chemist, and his readings generally were varied, scientific, and full of interest; but in matters of religion, he took a singular and extraordinary turn, and from being well educated in the Jewish faith, he became an atheist; and we think we can safely say, almost the only one of that persuasion who, in any change of religion, utterly abandoned and surrendered all belief in a first Great Cause. Mr. Cohen joined the Society of Free Enquirers, and preached atheistical doctrines, and was a correspondent and contributor to their paper; and we now notice this fact to relate a singular circumstance connected with his writings and death.

It is known that the Rev. Abner Kneeland was recently tried and convicted, in Boston, of atheism, and before sentence, he published a kind of explanation of his creed, which, in a great measure, softened, if it did not entirely do away with the belief, that he was an atheist. This recitation gave great offence to the Free Enquirers generally, but particularly Mr. Cohen, who assailed him for so doing in the columns of the Free Enquirer, published in this city. The words of Mr. Kneeland were—

'Hence I am not an atheist but a pantheist; that is, instead of believing there is no God, I believe, in the abstract, that all is god, and that all power that is, is god, and that there is no power except that which proceeds from god.'

In an article which he signs with his name, Mr. Cohen assails such 'jargon,' as he called it, and makes this emphatic remark—'For my part, I should say, I can attach no idea to the word God, and cannot consequently believe in him.' This was printed on Saturday, February 16th, although the paper issues on Sunday, and on Saturday, on the very day that such an avowal was made, under the deliberate sanction of his name, he was broken to pieces in his laboratory, while making fulminating powder. His head, we learn, by an understanding among the Free Enquirers, was given to the society for phrenological studies; his arm, which was blown off, has not since, as we are told, been found. Thus his body has gone one, his head another, and his limb another—scattered, we may say, to the winds. Now, philosophers may smile, free-thinkers may laugh, and atheists may ridicule the idea of divine interposition or divine vengeance—all have a right to make their comment. We only state the fact, and say that they may, it is a singular coincidence of profession and catastrophe. We never have applied the word *infidel* to an atheist—*he* who does not believe, no matter in what rules of faith, is an infidel. We are all infidels in some things, but an atheist believes in nothing. Our laws, even in this free country, punish certain offences against religion, such as blasphemy, profanity, indecent railing—they punish, because these are offences against society—against public feeling—they are *contra bonos mores*; but we assume the fact that no law should punish a man for being an atheist, because no human tribunal should assume the power of punishment on a point which belongs to God himself. Besides, if there is danger from infidelity—from open revolting of religion—there is none from atheism, for converts are seldom made to doctrines against which all nature cries aloud.'

POOR COHEN was a Jew, a well educated Jew—of all nations on earth the last to renounce their God—his chosen and favorite people; he who brought them out of the land of Egypt, from captivity and bondage; who was their cloud by day, and their pillar of fire by night; who gave them to their safe-keeping the great moral law which now governs every civilized nation; he who even now keeps them together as a distinct and separate nation, for great objects hereafter. To disclaim, and renounce, and deny that God, is a most rare and extraordinary instance indeed! To *so live without faith, and die without hope!* to openly deny the existence of God, and in most moment, as it were, be hurried into his presence!

* * * * *

Poor Cohen was a Jew, a well educated Jew—of all nations on earth the last to renounce their God—his chosen and favorite people; he who brought them out of the land of Egypt, from captivity and bondage; who was their cloud by day, and their pillar of fire by night; who gave them to their safe-keeping the great moral law which now governs every civilized nation; he who even now keeps them together as a distinct and separate nation, for great objects hereafter. To disclaim, and renounce, and deny that God, is a most rare and extraordinary instance indeed! To *so live without faith, and die without hope!* to openly deny the existence of God, and in most moment, as it were, be hurried into his presence!

SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE. Of the signers of the Declaration, 9 were born in Massachusetts, 8 in Virginia, 5 in Maryland, 4 in Connecticut, 4 in New-Jersey, 3 in Pennsylvania, 4 in South Carolina, 3 in New-York, 3 in Delaware, 2 in Rhode Island, 1 in Maine, 3 in Ireland, 2 in England, 2 in Scotland, and 1 in Wales.

21 were attorneys, 13 merchants, 4 physicians, 3 farmers, 1 clergyman, 1 printer, and 16 men of fortune.

8 were graduates of Harvard College, 4 of Yale, 3 of New-Jersey, 2 of Philadelphia, 2 of William and Mary, 3 of Cambridge, England, 2 of Edinburgh, and 1 of Saint Omer.

At the time of their death, 5 were over 90 years of age, 7 between 80 and 90, 11 between 70 and 80, 12 between 60 and 70, 11 between 50 and 60, 7 between 40 and 50—only one died at the age of 27, and the age of two is uncertain.

At the time of signing the Declaration, the average age of the members was 44 years.

They lived to the average age of more than 63 years and ten months. The youngest member was Edward Rutledge of South Carolina, who was in his 27th year. He lived to the age of 51. The next youngest member was Thomas Lynch, of the same State, who was also in his 27th year. He was cast away at sea in the fall of 1776.

Benjamin Franklin was the oldest member. He was in his 71st year when he signed the Declaration. He lived to 1790, and survived 16 of his younger brethren. Stephen Hopkins of Rhode Island, the next oldest member, was born in 1707 and died 1778.

Charles Carroll attained the greatest age, living to his 96th year. William Ellery, of Rhode Island, died in his 93rd year, and John Adams in his 91st.—*Exeter News-Letter.*

The insurgents continue to keep up a guerrilla warfare in Spain. A general sweep of the provinces by the Queen's forces appears to be in contemplation—and, as preparatory to this, a levy of about 30,000 conscripts is stated as on the eve of taking place, while the provincial militia are about to be generally organized and armed.

Affecting Anecdote of Hamilton.—There is a touching and thrilling interest connected with the following incident in the life of the illustrious Hamilton, which has been related by the celebrated New-York florist, Grant Thorneburn. The day before Hamilton met Burr, on 'the dark and bloody ground,' at Weehawken, he went into Thorneburn's store, and with more than his usual tender solemnity of manner, purchased bouquets of rare flowers for his lady and each of his children. He presented them in the evening with all that sweetness and delicacy so peculiar to him in the sanctuary of his affections. No word escaped him of the morrow's doom. For any thing the family knew, the sun would rise and set upon them, still blessed with a husband's and a father's love. What must have been his emotions, while he cherished in his warrior soul, the vivid certainty that he should fall on the morrow—*as it is well known that he did not expect to survive the meeting unharmed!*

Just as the dawning light purposed the east, Hamilton rose before his family awoke—he gazed in silence upon their placid features, asleep in their innocence and beauty, and never dreaming of a flower that should be plucked before the morning dew wasted from the pale and forbidden ground of false honor.

Their sweet scented bouquets were blooming in the vases unwithered, reminding them of conjugal and parental love. As they looked upon these pledges, perhaps the thought stole into their heads of their lover and father, as the friend of Washington, as the chivalrous chief of the stormy Revolution, as the orator holding charmed Senators in the enchanting thrall of as pure an eloquence as ever gushed from the fountain of patriotism. But alas! the silver wave of the Hudson was reddened with his blood, as he was borne back to the city, and to his home, to spread paleness and consternation through the border.

Before the flowers had withered, the giver was a 'thing of earth'—a cold, pale dweller in eternity.

THE FLOATING PALACES. By an understanding among the proprietors of the different lines of Liverpool and London packets, a change has been adopted by which the rate of passage is reduced to \$120,—each passenger paying for the wines and liquor he may use, which are to be furnished by the steward at reasonable prices.

By this arrangement, much of the excess to which many not under the influence of the principles of temperance, in which the present day are so generally adopted among the better classes of society, will be checked, and we have no doubt that the major part of those who embark in these ships will be gratified by the change.

We observe with equal satisfaction, by the advertisement of the Old Line, that the proprietors have arranged that when the sailing day falls on Sunday, the ships will sail on the succeeding Monday. The employment of steamboats and laborers, as well as the bustle inevitably connected with the despatch of these ships, has been found inconvenient, and in every view objectionable, on the part of those who are scrupulous in the observance of the day of the Lord.

Before this example of Christ, we may justly infer, that the contempt and disgust which was then and is now so much cherished and manifested by the rich and influential, against the poor and vulgar, is *unreasonable prejudice*.

From this example of Christ, we may justly infer, that the contempt and disgust which was then and is now so much cherished and manifested by the rich and influential, against the poor and vulgar, is *unreasonable prejudice*.

We do not advocate the demolishing of all degrees of rank and wealth, and the promiscuous placing of all classes upon a common level. Neither Christ and his apostles, nor Howard, either by precept or example, encouraged the levelling of all distinctions in society, and the herding of all persons together, without regard to order, rank or character. Condescension and sympathy towards the poor and vulgar, and that association with them which is necessary in promoting their interests, are not necessarily connected with fellowshipping, imitating or encouraging their vulgarities and vices. This would be *degrading*; but Christ never appeared with more dignity and true honor, than while eating and drinking and preaching among publicans and sinners, and washing the feet of the poor.

The world has always abounded with expressions of contempt and disgust towards the poor and vulgar, and these feelings have greatly increased in this country of late. But nothing is more unreasonable, or oppressive and destructive towards the poor. It discourages and dispirits them; for who can rise under a load of contempt and scorn? It prevents all their ambition to rise from their condition; it excites their hatred towards the rich, and their prejudices against learning, and refinement in manners. There is now a strong current of this unchristian prejudice in the American press, by charging the papers at the rate of foreign letters, making each paper amount to \$4 postage, while the established regulation of the Post does not make it amount to more than 3d sterling (6 cents) on papers coming from places nearly the same distance—say Constantinople and Alexandria. It is believed that the practice was at the Post Office to write something in the newspapers, and then by law they could charge by the weight of the papers, precisely as is done with letters. This nefarious practice has been continued by the administration of Earl Grey (we hope rather the result of custom than dislike to the spread of liberal principles) until a length a second John Hampden has demanded them of the department at the legal rate